

A
J O U R N E Y

Through the

H E A D

O F A

Modern P O E T,

B E I N G

The Substance of a DREAM, occasioned by
Reading the sixth Book of VIRGIL.

————— I talk of Dreams,
Which are the Children of an idle Brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain Phantasy.

SHAKESPEAR:

*Dii quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes,
Et Chaos et Phlegeton, Loca nocte Silentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui, sit numine vestro
Pandere res altâ terrâ at Caligine mersas.*

VIRG. Æn. 6.

L O N D O N :

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TOURNEY

OF

Modern Poetry

7

JOHN D. O'NEILL
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JOURNEY

Through the HEAD of a
Modern POET, &c.

THE allegorick, or as Mr. *Dryden* calls it, the *fairy Way of Writing* has been in constant Practice among the learned World in all Ages, and several Genius's of great Fame, both ancient and modern, have made use of it, with so sublime a Scope of Imagination, and so enchanting a Vein of Fancy, that Works of this Nature are now generally thought to be the Result of long and intense Study; and it is a received Opinion, that what Authors call upon such Occasions their *Night Thoughts*, or *Jeu d'Esprit* in that inactive State of the Body, are always to be looked upon as the Production of a waking Fancy. Not to mention the many who have displayed a fine Invention in this Way, the *Somnium Scipionis* of *Cicero*, the *Visions of Mirza* of Mr. *Addison*, and the excellent Performances of Doctor *Parnell*, are sufficient Proofs of this Assertion; and after perusing any of these Authors,

the Reader, I am confident, is far from believing they are *talking in their Sleep*, or if by the *cunning* of the Writer he is amused into the fly Delusion, he is at least ready to cry out *Dreams descend from Jove*. With Regard to the following Sheets I have not the Vanity to imagine any Thing like this will be the Case, as I am conscious there will appear in them rather the Traces of a sleeping Mind, than of Faculties enliven'd and awake; from whence, however, this Comfort is deducible, that I am like to meet with more Credit, than was the Portion of my Betters, when I affirm, what I now offer to the Publick, to be to all Intents and Purposes a *Dream*. What that Power of the Soul is, which can thus call forth such a surprizing Assemblage of Ideas, and, while the Man is as it were half-extinct, disport herself with them, in so whimsical a Manner, as every Body's Experience can recollect, I have not Philosophy enough to determine, and therefore I could wish, for the Satisfaction of the Curious, that this Phænomenon in the ideal World were sufficiently explained and accounted for. It is certainly one of the *Desiderata* very much to be lamented; though I am sanguine enough to entertain some Hopes of seeing it one of these Days made as clear as Sun-shine at Noon-Day, by the indefatigable Mr. O—r H—y, to whom nothing is difficult, and who has spent his Life in Learning, as he is pleased to say himself, notwithstanding his great Modesty, and at the Expence of many blushes. This Gentlemen (to use his own Expression) in *Compassion to some poor ignorant Devils*, I am persuaded, will give a *Coup de grace* in some future *victorious Stroke* for old England

land to this *gordian Knot* ; or if in the Greatness of his Soul he should hold his groveling Fellow-Creatures so little worth his Notice as to suppress so valuable a Discovery, I shall not however despair, while the Heavens continue to us so bright a Being, as the *transcendant Mr. F—t*, who by his *Essay on the Passions*, published some Time since, seems to be so intimate with the human Mind, that I am satisfied, if he would turn his Thoughts this Way, he could give most excellent *Chocolate*, particularly, if assisted in the arduous Undertaking, by the ingenious Doctor B—, whom the World can never sufficiently admire. For my Part, I cannot take upon me to say any Thing to so abstruse a Point ; but whatever be the Cause, the Effects are certainly very extraordinary, as I believe, the Reader will think, upon Perusal of the subsequent Narrative, which I shall enter upon without further Preface.

The sixth Book of the *Æneid* has always been a Favourite with me, for the noble Sentiments of Morality, and the the inimitable Strain of Poetry, which run through it. I frequently read it with the most transporting Pleasure, and after finishing it, I cannot but look down very much on the degenerate State of Poetry among the Moderns. For the strong nervous Thought and natural Expression, they have substituted pretty Conceit, quaint Phrases, Turns, Strokes, and *Je ne scai quoy*s. Virtue is discarded from their Writings, and nothing but Vice and Immorality, are to be found among them, tending to the Corruption of Taste and Depravity of good Manners. Filled with these Thoughts I

one

One Night retired to Rest, when *Queen Mab*, immediately appeared to me. She is, as *Shakespeare* has it, the *Fairies Mid-Wife*, and from the Mixture of Ideas Fluctuating in my Mind, she Dressed up the following Scene to my Imagination. I thought she commanded me to set out on a *Journey through the Head of a modern Poet*, which, though an Enterprize big with Horror, at her Instance I agreed to undertake, and accordingly she took me into her Charriot, drawn with a Team of little *Atomies*. *

As it would be a dangerous Circumstance, to mention towards what Part of the Town we steered our Course, it shall suffice to say, she soon set me down at the Gentleman's Lodging; it was up three Pair of Stairs, in a back Room, the *Anti-Chamber* being occupied by a Dozen of those ingenious Artists, who set all Day in cross-legged durance, inventing Fashions for the more elegant Equipment of Beaux and pretty Gentlemen. The Bard was seated by the dying Embers in a cold Chimney, *sicklied o'er with the pale cast of Thought*, and biting and kawning his Pen. At my first Approach towards those desolate Regions I was to go through, a terrible Effluvium, baleful to Wit and Modesty, and *proceeding from the beat oppressed Brain*, struck my Senses; but I was soon diverted from that uneasy Sensation, by a Personage that came running up to me with offers of his Service, to shew me that Palace as he called it. By a *conscious Simper* on his Face, a pretty careless Tour in his Carriage, and the Tenour of

* See the Description in *Romeo and Juliet*.

of his Discourse, I knew him to be *Vanity*, and accepted the Compliment. Our way was through a thick Rock, or Skull, which we at once took Possession of, and plunged into the Abyfs.

Ye Powers of *Grub-street*, ye choice Spirits of the Age, ye C——rs old and young, ye H——eys, M——k——ins, and ——, and ——, ye distinguished Band of *Genii*, foremost on the List of Fame, indulge the fond Ambition of aspiring Youth, permit me in an honest Stile, devoid of Art, to disclose the Mysteries of your intellectual World, the Secrets of your dark Domain,

*Sit miki fas audita loqui, sit Numine vestro
Pandere nes altâ terrâ, et caligine mersas.*

VIRG.

At our first Entrance into these Realms of CHAOS and OLD NIGHT, a horrid confused Noise assailed our Ears, and we were immediately beset by a Number of monstrous Apparitions, that were placed around the Portal. The first thing that struck me, was a Groupe of all the Oaths now in Vogue, with fierce Aspects, and *Kevenbuller* Cocks. I was shocked at so vile a Sight, and at first started back dismayed, but my courage soon reviving, I marched boldly on, and the cowardly Bullies, (for such they always are) instantly gave Way. A little further advanced lay the God *Somnus*, stretched at full length, diffusing round him lethargick Vapours, and stupid Insensibility. Below flowed a small River, called the Brook of *Animal Spirits*, dull, slow, and lazy, not unlike led in *Fusion*. Numbers were gathered about the Banks, beggng

begging a Passage to the other Side, but were obliged to bawl louder than the deep-lung'd *Quin*, when in some tragick Strain he *cleaves the general Ear with horrid Speech*, before the *Chorion* of the Place could hear them. He was an old, torpid, decrepid Fellow, known there by the Name of *Perception*, and I observed that he admitted the Petitioners extreamly slow, and to some he gave an absolute Denial. Those, whom he rejected, I took at a Distance for the *Muses*, but I was informed, they had never attempted to pass that Way; and upon a nearer View of them, I perceived they were the amiable Train of *Morality*. They looked extreamly dejected at the Repulse, and as I was curious to know what might be the Reason of it, I took the Liberty to accost one of them, who, by a peculiar Openness of Countenance, an elevated Air of Majesty in her Mien and Looks, softened by a tender mixture of Affection and Benevolence seemed to be the Goddess *Generosity**. She answered me in a very frank Manner, that she and all her Sisters had been there several Times suing for Admittance, but could no more obtain it, than at St. *Y—s*, or the Levee of the *two Brothers*. She continued in a mournful Manner to lament, that the Degeneracy of the Times is grown so *epidemick*, that they met with the same

* Generosity is a more Extensive Term, than is generally apprehended—it does not consist meerly in bestowing pompously, and living in that profuse Manner, which deserves rather the Name of *Extravagance*, but is perhaps the Foundation of all moral Virtues. Certain it is, it cherishes, warms, and animates them, and is always resident in great Souls, in whom it is Manifested by a noble Contempt of every thing mean and little, and a Cordial glow of Love for all Mankind.

same Treatment every where, and were reduced to so low a Situation, that she was afraid she should be obliged to quit for good this tainted Globe, and follow Sir *Watkin Williams Wynn*, to the Mansions of Bliss. He it was, said she, that always wore us in his Heart; that was glad to meet us in any Shape or Dress; that preferred *one self-approving Hour* in converse with us to all the alluring Splendors of courtly Pride; that formed the whole Tenour of his Conduct by the Rules, which we prescribe, without the least Deviation, from the first Day of his Entrance on the Stage of Life, to that fatal Moment, which robbed us, and *England* too of the most worthy Patron that ever list'd in the Cause of Liberty. Her Grief enlarged her Voice, and she exclaimed.

Heu! pietas! Heu! prisca fides! —

Manibus date Lilia plenis

Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis

His saltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani

Munere. — VIRG.

At which Words she tore her dishevell'd Hair, almost frantick with Sorrow; they all sigh'd Bitterly, and a gush of Tears bedew'd their Faces, lovely in Anguish. They call'd to my Mind that pathetick Description in the first *Æneid* of the *Trojan* Nymphs marching in Procession at the Destruction of *Troy*.

Interea ad Templum non æquæ Palladis ibant,

Crinibus Iliades passis, populumque ferebant,

Suppliciter tristes, & tunc pectora palmis.

C

Though

Though I was wrung to the Heart at so afflicting a Sight, I endeavoured to console them all in my Power; I observed that he left behind him a Son, who may inherit all his Virtues, at which they seemed to brighten up, as if they had already formed great Hopes of him, I added that the noble E——l of C———d was still in Being, to give them a warm Reception; to which they smiled Consent, I concluded with wishing them better Times, and advanced towards the Boat-man, who was calling out in a vehement Manner to know what Stranger dared to enter his Dominions. “ I must, says he, be careful, whom I let pass this Way.—Wicked Wits have often made it their Business to travel through these Regions, in order afterwards to ridicule us to the World.—*Pope* has wrote his *Dunciad*, and *Monroe* daily threatens to chase *Folly* out of this her *Empire*.” With that, he put on his Spectacles to survey me, and not perceiving any Thing dangerous in my Person, gave me Entrance into his Boat, it was made of the Fragment of an old Ink-horn, and he shoved us on slowly, with the Help of a grey Goose-quil, which served him for an Oar.

The River had a great many Turnings and Windings, for *ductile Dullness* new Meanders takes, and I perceived several Branches of it serpentine in different Channels. It was so extremely shallow and muddy, that I foresaw it would be long before we should reach the other Side; and therefore, I endeavoured to make myself as easy as possible. I sat down near a Gentleman, whom I imagined, I had seen some Time since at *Slaughter's Coffee-house*, in St. Martin's-

Martin's-Lane. He was a tall, thin Man, with long, lank Hair dangling about his Ears, and he looked exactly like the Picture of *Abstinence*. I could not help smiling at his *ruful Length of Face*, and in the politest Manner possible, I enquired of him, who he might be?—I, Sir, says he,—I am *de French Player*.—I have comed here from *Paris* to *amuser de Town*, and do de L—d draw de Sword, your d—ned *Englisk* Temper not be conquer.—I wait all de Time to no Purpose, and so now I go to de Poet to make some Verse, dat I am better Actor, dan dat little Man—what you call?—*Mr. Garlick*, and to praise de *French Comedie*, which he know no more of, dan—de Beaux, dat send for me.—Having heard several Insinuations about these People, I thought it a good Opportunity to enquire into the Truth of them, and I therefore asked him, if they were sent over as Hostages, or in Consequence of a private Article in the Treaty of Peace.—*Otage*, Sir, says he, shaking his Head,—dat is good Joke,—no, no—de grand Monarque not send *otage* to you, and as for your private Article, I can keep de Secret.—But to talk of *otage*,—you in to great Contempt Abroad to get *otage*,—all de Vorl laugh at you—M—l S—e laugh in de Field, de M—tre laugh in de council,—de D—ch laugh in de Dykes,—H—r laugh in de T—ips, and we laugh in our Sleeves,—and if we could touch your Money, we laugh more,—and when de Scrutiny over we begin.—Sir, vil you subscribe?—Here is de List—I looked it over with Surprise: Here was the —, the —, and — the —, the —, and in short, all the *Fribbles* of the Age. I could

not help wondering at that *impulsive Gravity* of Head, which drove them together, and I observed, that if Doctor *Young* had it, when writing his *universal Passion*, he might have saved himself the Trouble of invoking the Muse, to take a Catalogue of British *Fools*. I returned it to the Owner, and told him, I was better engaged with two of the greatest Genius's the World ever saw, viz. Old *Shakespeare*, and little *Garlick*, as he called him. — I advised him to make the best of his Way to his own Country, and assured him, if he attempted to appear again, he would meet with a worse Reception, than what was conferred upon him already.

We had besides this Gentleman, several other Passengers in the Boat, such as a new Oath just issued out of a young Captain's Head at the *Horse-Guards*; another coined upon losing the odd Trick at *White's*; a Croud of surprizing Metaphors, sprightly Similies, and to say all, in one Word, a whole Shoal of *Burtonisms*, who were in the utmost Speed to pay their Compliments to the great *Mother, Dullness*.

Not without a great deal of Trouble, we reached the opposite Bank of the River; and as soon as we got on Shore, I took Leave of them all, and with my *Guide* proceeded on my Journey. A vast uncultivated Country, lay before us, dreary, dark, and gloomy; no cheering Ray of Light to guide our wandering Footsteps; impenetrable Obscurity sat brooding o'er our Heads, and Clouds rolling over Clouds, made every Thing an universal Blot. I directed my

my Course as well as possible, with the Assistance of *Vanity*, who run large Encomiums on the Beauty and Grandeur of the Scene around us; but for my Part, I walked on quite melancholy at the Thoughts of such a dismal Waste in the human Frame.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.

VIRG.

The Passage of the *grand Corruptor*, which *Milton* describes through the horrid Extent Chaos, could not be, in any Shape, compared with what we had to cope withal. Here lay engendering all the Works of Darkness, Lies, Informations, Slander, and Malevolence. We pursued our March, with all Expedition possible, and, in some Time, I was led to the *Repository of Ideas*, the Key of which was kept, by a feeble Person, whose Name was *Memory*. He limped along by the Help of a Pair of Crutches, and was quite tedious before he opened the Door. If the Reader has been at the *noble College* in *Moor-fields*, he may possibly arrive at an adequate Idea of this Place. Up and down were built a Number of small Cells, most of them untenanted, and in those that were occupied, the *Inhabitants* seemed benumbed and frozen to Death with Cold. I addressed the Gentleman in the politest Terms, and told him, that, as I supposed this to be a store House of universal Knowledge, I should be extreamly glad to edify, by a review of the several intellectual Beings under his Care.

This

This Proposal being received with an Air of Compliance, I desired he would produce some *occult Qualities*, which I had no kind of Idea of, and at the same Time called for several of the metaphysical Train, too tedious to enumerate: *Divinity* also afforded me Room, to enquire after a great many of her Attendants; I had not *Arithmetick* enough to count the Numbers of the mathematical Species, which I wanted, and I begged a *Habeas Corpus* for a great many Gentlemen I heard mentioned with Honour in *Westminster-hall*. With regard to *Poetry*, I was extremely curious after an infinite Multitude of the *Parnassian* Tribe, which I had read of in a pompous Stile in a great many modern Authors, but was not so anxious for any of them, as *old Battle-array*, so much celebrated in the sublime Works of our famous Laureat.* The Register upon this, lead me up and down the Place, but was so extremely confused, that he either did not know where to find any Thing I enquired after, or had them not in his Possession; which of the two it was, I cannot take upon me to say, but his Blunders were quite tiresome. “However, Sir, says he, if
 “you will but step with me to my Apartment,
 “where I keep my Books (for Method you
 “know is the Life of Business) I shall be able
 “to recollect myself.” I closed with his Offer, with a View of seeing his Study, which in every

* This wonderful Genius in some of his Writings, which are now returned to their primitive Nothing, has taken Compassion on the poor Term *Battle array*, and by a lucky Hit, made a *young Cibber* of it, that is, exalted it to the Dignity of a voluntary Agent, endowed with Life and Motion.

Respect

Respect answered my Expectations. I was surprised to see on the upper Shelf, *Homer, Plato, Virgil, Horace, &c.* but upon taking down one of them, I found there was nothing of those immortal Authors, but the Name, the rest being only Wood, which the Proprietor observed was quite sufficient, as they were all so well translated, by the great Father *Ogleby, Dacier, Doctor T——p,* and *Mr. Creech.* Besides the Volumes mentioned in the *Dunciad,* it was stored with all the famous Moderns. *Warburton's Shakespear* was excluded by the renown'd *Mr. Theobald;* *Blackmore's* innumerable Volumes, filled a groaning Shelf; the *Burnet's, Oldmixon's,* and *Cook's,* stood in grand Array, and *Cibber's Odes,* all neatly bound and gilt, made an elegant Figure. In short, to the Exclusion of Taste, Wit, and good Sense, the Library was filled with all the *Grub-street Race,* which were here preserved as Records of all the Ideas, that ever were seen in those Regions. My Guide upon this interposed, that we had seen enough of the Curiosities of this Apartment, and that it was now Time to proceed further, which I consented to without Delay, after taking Leave of *Memory* in the Words of the Ghost in *Hamlet,* "Farewel, remember me."

The next Place we arrived at was, the *Lugentes Campi,* or the mournful Fields, sacred to the God of Love. Here was properly the *Cyprian Grove,* for *Venus* resided here in reality, more than ever she did in her fabled *Cyprus.* She sat exalted on a high Throne, in great State, with all the Beauty and Languishment her affected Airs could confer upon her, though to
me

me she look'd like *Swift's*, "*Corinna, Pride of Drury-Lane.*" Around her hovered a fantastick Band of Hope, and Joy, and Grief, and Fear, and Pain. Tender Anguish, soft Desire, pleasing Smart, delighting Agony, were all intermixed together, and form'd a many-coloured Groupe. *Cupid* made terrible Work with his Darts, and his Flames. Nothing was heard but the tinkling of Rills, murmuring Streams, Sighs fanning all the Grove, and every Thing seemed constantly pining and dying away. As I am a little inclined to love myself, I had a Curiosity to see as much as possibly, and *Vanity*, who was pleas'd with me for this Turn of Thought, took a particular Pleasure in leading me about, entertaining me all the Time with Novels, and pretty Tales of the several Persons we encounter'd: He shew'd me no less than an hundred Ladies of Quality, who were all of his intimate Acquaintance, and had granted him innumerable tender Favours. Here he run out into the wildest Extravagance, and "*talked of Beauties which he never saw, and fancied Raptures which he never knew.*"

In a retired Part of this whimsical Abode, were assembled together all those ingenious *Inamorato's*, who, from the Days of *Sappho* down to our present modern Refinement, have thought proper to record their tender Loves, and sing their amorous Tales to after Ages; of these, though there was a large Number, I could easily discern a few, who seemed to be the most conspicuous, and to whom the rest of the Crowd paid a very great Deference, insomuch, that they were always making Use of their Expressions,

sions, and endeavouring to assume their languishing Looks, their melancholy Air, and dejected Mien.

At the Head of these so distinguished, stood poor *Ovid*, with his *Art of Love* in one Hand, and his *Amours* in the other, and his Countenance as full of pensive Care, as if just going to write an Epistle *de Ponto*—The gay *Petronius* attracted the Eyes of every Body, who all seemed to be very much taken with the florid Cheerfulness of his Looks, and the Carelessness of his Carriage, though it was visible at the same Time, that he seemed to be a little uneasy in his Motions, not being as yet quite free in an *English* Dress.—There were also here a great many Gentlemen of *France*, who fluttered about withal the Levity usual to their Nation, but their Loves were so Romantick, that I did not spend much Time in observing them, and so turned about to take Notice of those of our own Country. The most eminent of these were the Authors who flourished in the soft and pleasurable Reign of *Charles*, the Gay, the Sprightly, and the Witty, whose only Fault (if any Fault he had? for no one will take B—p *Burnet's* Word) was that he suffered himself a little too much to be hurried down the Stream of Diversions. Here *Etheridge* was the very *Fopling Flutter* that he drew—*Cowley* ****, *Waller* ****, *Dryden* **** †, *Mrs. Behn* was full of Intrigue.—The Earl of *Rocheſter* made a most shining Figure. He carried in his Hand a Copy

† *Hiatus descendus*, but not possibly to be supplied. as all the Author remembers of these Gentlemen is, that he saw them without being able to recollect the Circumstances.

of Verses, setting forth his *Disappointment*, and he cried out in a rattling Manner.

*Room, room for a Blade of the Town,
That takes Delight in roaring,
Who all Day rambles up and down,
Then on a Bulk lies snoring.*

ROCHESTER.

The next Person I perceived, was a noble Author writing Love-Letters to and from himself. He seemed to be in all the tender Anguish, and to feed all those amorous Fires, which Cupid-wounded Imaginations dream of, and his Air was so extreamly softened with his Passion, that I supposed him to be a kind of *Narcissus* dying for himself, till I was informed it was the famous Lord Gray, so known for his polite and elegant Epistles —. To him succeeded a Genius of a later Date, on whom all the Tribe of Sighers looked with particular Admiration, and Respect, which, I understood, he was indisputably entitled to, having merited more in the Cause of *Venus*, than half her Votaries, by his inimitable Collection of all the pretty Phrases, high-seasoned Metaphors, and inviting Allusions, which he has so judiciously made Use of, in that never-enough-to-be-admired Performance, called *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*.

Vanity here tired me with his Panegyrick on the Gaiety, and Splendor of every Thing that passed, and added, he would now take me to see something surpassing all we had hitherto gone through. As my Curiosity was amply satisfied, we took our Departure without Ceremony.

Our

Our next Stage was at the supreme Court of Judicature. Here *Rhadamanthus*, or in plain *English*, *Judgment* presided; he happened to be fitting as we arrived, and having a strong Desire to hear the Proceedings, we entered the Court.

It bore a near Resemblance to those famous Places of the same Denomination in *Westminster-Hall*, and the Judge looked exactly like the celebrated Mr. *F—g*. I do not mean the humorous Mr. *F—g*, he who is so intimate with the Door-keepers of the great Stage of Nature, * that, whenever he pleases, he can step, with the Authority of a *Beau*, behind the Scenes, sit down in the *Green Room* to observe the Actors, and afterwards publish his Discoveries to the World, in the Histories of *Jonathan Wild*, *Joseph Andrews*, and *Tom Jones*; but the same Gentleman, when quitting the *Tripod of Apollo*, he assumes a becoming Gravity of Countenance, and utters an elaborate *Charge* to a *Grand Jury*, or seated in the Chair of his worthy Predecessor, the never-to-be-forgotten Sir *T——s D——l*, he grants out Warrants for the battered Drabs of his Neighbourhood, and magisterially decides the Quarrels of “*Link-boys vile, and Watermen obscene.*” On the Bench with him sat his Brother Judges, and many others who were joined in the Commission. I enquired their Names, and got the best Insight I could into their Characters.

* *Vide Tom Jones.*

On the right hand of the *chief Justice* was *Pride*, with a lofty Air, and supercilious Brow. He seemed to have contracted the highest Contempt of every Thing about him, and his Idea of all Worth, Dignity, and Consequence was centered in himself. He put in his Word always with great Pomp, and had a mighty Share of Authority upon all Decisions, which called to my Mind the excellent Remark in the *Essay on Criticism*.

*Of all the Causes which conspire to blind,
Man's erring Judgment and misguide his
Mind,
Which the weak Head with surest Biass
rules,
Is Pride the never failing Vice of Fools.*

POPE.

Next to this Gentleman *Ill-nature* took his Place; a dry, withered Piece of Iniquity, callous, and hardened to every gentle Sensation of Humanity, an utter Stranger to that Refinement and Delicacy of elegant Minds, which beholds the Merit of another with Pleasure, and a kind of Self-satisfaction, and rejoices to see the Possessor of good and amiable Qualities enjoy his Portion of Fame; but on the contrary, every Thing bright and shining with uncommon Lustre is the Object of his Hatred, and the Sight or even mention of it exasperates him to the utmost Rage and Investive, never pleased but when he sees all round him upon a Level with himself.

On

On the other Side *Passion* shewed himself, raging and tearing like a Madman. *Hotspur* in the Play is nothing to him; his Countenance was pale and red by Turns, his Features harsh by Nature, and distorted more by habit; Fire glared from his Eyes, and he was all over convulsed and agitated with Starts and Tremblings of his Nerves, which shook his whole Frame in the most violent Manner.

I observed him frequently in close Conversation with his next Neighbor *Prejudice*. This Person was also very quick and hasty, though not inflamed to such a Degree of Rage as the former. He generally has Government enough of his Temper to check the sudden Emotions of Anger; and, smoothing his Visage with a false Sun-shine of Serenity and Cheerfulness, appears to be wholly disinterested, at the same time that Spleen and Rancour lie lurking in his Heart. He has several acquired Opinions, which have gained an absolute Ascendency over him, and he is so stubbornly tenacious of his Pre-engagements, that he has been known upon Occasion to refuse hearing a Debate out, and in Imitation of a certain laudable modern Practice, to cut Matters short by calling abruptly for *the Question*, on which he takes care to pronounce according to the Determinations he had previously formed within himself.——*Venality* with itching Palm had also very great Interest, and besides those Genii who presided on the Bench, there were several occasional Assistants, who had their Share of Influence: These were a Sort of K——'s C——l, and

a Shoal of Attorneys, with their Clerks, stood behind them.

This first Thing that came before the Court was *Religion*, if that might be call'd *Religion*, which was not even the Shadow of it; *True Religion* having been turned away among the Train of Morality. The Golden Rule, "*Learn ye Dunces not to scorn your God*," was entirely neglected; for so far from paying a due Reverence to the Creator, he was even discarded from among his own Works, impiously dethroned, compelled to *abdicate*, and a false, indolent, stupid *Deity*, set up as the Father of all, and invested with the Superintendency of the Universe. The deceitful Phantom came in a loose airy Dress, tittering and laughing at holy Writ, and the excellent Stile of the Scriptures. Her Cause was open'd by *Toland* and *Tindal*, who were succeeded by a Tribe of *Deists*, *Atheists*, *Free Thinkers*, &c. &c. &c. They declaimed in the most florid Manner, talked of *Academus*, the *Lyceum*, *Socrates*, and *Plato* with all the Enthusiasm their inflamed Imaginations could inspire, and in the Height of their Extravagance, launched out in a violent rappid Torrent of Elocution on the abstruse Points, (too abstruse for their Comprehension) of Providence, Will, Fate and Foreknowledge, Good and Evil, Happiness and Misery*. The Earl of *S Shaftesbury*, not the real one, but an ideal Person, such as

* *Vide Paradise Lost*, Book II. where the Author represents his *Devils* canvassing these Topicks, which, not without some Propriety, are here put into the Mouths of Souls congenial to them.

may be expected in those Regions, harangued with great Fluency ; but I do not remember, that he uttered one Syllable of those noble Sal- lies, which are so frequent in that Author, con- cerning the native Beauty of Virtue, the *Honestum*, the Decency and Grace of Character ; nothing of those bright Excursions which so strongly represent the Dignity of our Nature ; but instead of that, *Mandevill*, who ought to have been given up to the same Fate with his Works, made an impious Speech to the Con- fusion of Morality, Virtue, and Sense. Upon this a tall slender Gentleman advanced with a very modest Air, and humbly offered to lay before the Court a small Pamphlet, Entitled *Observation on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul* ; But Mr. Justice *Prejudice*, as if afraid of Conviction, interposed, that the Mat- ter was plain enough, and that it would be taking up the Time of the Court to no Pur- pose. My Lord Chief Justice was of the same Way of thinking, which he declared in a long Speech ; Mr. Justice *Passion* said, “ I am of “ *my Brother's Opinion.*” *Ill-nature* and *Vena- lity* said the same, and *Pride* also agreed with his *Brother* ; so that they proceeded directly to pass Judgment, and as several Reports of this Sort are already in Print, under various Titles, such as *Christianity not founded upon Argument*, &c. &c. I shall be silent on this Head.

This Cause being over, Proclamation was made for Statesmen, Politicians, and great War- riors to make their Appearance. It was upon this Occasion that *Venality* gave Proofs of his In- fluence

fluence, and I observed, that a Wink from him was sufficient to determine any Question.

The two Judges, *Passion* and *Prejudice*, were also very active in every Thing that went forward, conferring the most elevated Encomiums on all their Favourites, and that in a Strain of Panegyric quite fulsome to an honest Ear, while at the same time they reviled those, whom they honoured with the Appellation of Foes, in Terms, which the elegant and polite Market dedicated to the Use of the *British Fishery* would blush to mention. In short, there was the wildest Confusion imaginable, and I am confident that never in C——rt M——l, or any other Court were more unjust Sentences pronounced.

The *Idea of a Patriot King* was declared to be realized at present, and what the immortal Author of that Performance only gives an imaginary Being to, now exists in Fact.

Our M——rs were renowned for every great and good Quality, that ever entered into the Composition of a true *British* Worthy. Ye *B—kes*, ye *Ox—ds*, and ye *Or—nds*, hide your *diminished Rays*!—Ye made an ignoble *P—ce* at *U—*, without so much as having the Honesty to send *H—ges* to *France* for the Performance of your Promise, which our *S—men* have done to shew the World how tender they are of keeping their Engagements. The *Ethereal Spirit*, which you make such a Noise about, was dealt out with a scanty Hand to you, a very small Portion of it fell to your Share, while with our Patriots it is diffused through all their Faculties, it pervades
and

and agitates their very Souls, glows in their Hearts, and enlightens their Understandings, the Source and Guide of all their Actions.—Hence that equal, uninterrupted Course, in which J—e has flowed through every Part of the N—n for some Years passed—Hence P—r W—d is countenanced, and P—ez doomed to suffer Death—Hence that uninfluenced, free, Independence of E—ons without Doors, and the upright Determinations, *within* upon all Disputes resulting from them—Hence that unparall'd, reserved, virtuous Parsimony in the Distribution of the Public Re—ue,—that Tendernefs in imposing D—ies that may clog the Circulation of C—erce,—and in fhort, that excellent Plan of G—ent, which is not carried on by the pernicious Arts of B—y and C—on, by p—ing P—ts, and retaining them with P—es and P—ons, but which confifts in winning the Hearts of the People, and obtaining a M—ty upon all N—al D—tes by the Dint and Force of Truth.

Again, though the Lustre of Old E—d is extinguished, though her Laurels are faded, tho, our G—ls have disgraced the Exploits of our Ancestors and sullied all their Victories, yet never was there a Person at the Head of our Armies so fit to fight our Battles, with so clear a Head to conceive, so active an Hand to execute, as we can send upon any Emergence to reduce our Enemies, and vindicate the Majesty of our Country. The whole concluded with a Flourish on our present happy Situation, and the glorious Figure we have made upon all Occasions on the

E

C—ens

C——ent during the War, and our excellent Fire-works at home since the P——ce.

After this, I could not have had the Patience to stay any longer, but that I understood by an Invocation of the Muses that Poesy was to make her Appearance, and instantly came forward a Shoal of the Gentlemen of that Profession, each with his Writings in his Hand, and his Looks wild and distracted. The “*Augusto recitantes mense Poetæ*” of *Juvenal* could not be any thing to the Din that filled my Ears. Every one was eager to prefer his own Performance, but the Lines were so poor, so spiritless and mean (like most modern Poems) that I could not give any further Attention to them, and was upon the Point of leaving the Place, when of a sudden every thing was in an Uproar, and “Bring forth the Prisoner, Bring forth the Prisoner” was the Word on every Side. Upon which, in came the late Mr. *Pope* surrounded by a *Banditti* of Scriblers, Booksellers, Half-Wits, &c. &c. &c. He walked forward with Grace in his Mien, and Dignity in his Aspects, and as soon as he was brought to the Bar, “Hold up your Hand,” says Mr. Justice *Passion*, —“Come, no trifling—we all know you have been *burned* here before—come, guilty or not guilty?”—But the Monarch in Poetry, like our pious Monarch in Government, demurred to the Jurisdiction of the Court, and alledged that he ought to be tried by his *Peers*, which however had no more Effect on the poetical Enthusiasts, than the sacred *Charles* had on the political ones. They proceeded to read the heavy Charge brought against him. It was compiled from all the Scurrilities of the Age,
all

all the Filth, and all the *Billingsgate*, the Mad-
 ness of the *Dennis's*, the Lies of the *Welfeds*,
 the Letters of the *Cibbers*, his glorious Writings
 depreciated, and his Morals blackened in the
 most outrageous Manner. In Poetry he was de-
 clared to be nothing but “a Woman of the
 “ Town, without natural Beauty, bedaubed
 “ with artificial Colours,—a painted Strumpet,
 “ —that ruined the Taste of the Age, and gave
 “ an intellectual *Gonorrhoea* to half the Under-
 “ standings in *England**.” Nay further, said
 the Indictment, This Man has been guilty of
 every Crime which can be thought of,—one
 which is of the blackest Die, it may be proper
 to give an Account of—“ *The original Draughts*
 “ of a Certain Work *were entrusted to this Man,*
 “ on whom the Author thought he might en-
 “ tirely depend, after taking his Promise that
 “ they should never go into any Hands except
 “ five or six named to him.” This *Man* de-
 cluded his “ Friend for several Years by repeated
 “ Assurances, though he was not *without Suspi-*
 “ *cion* that they had been communicated to more
 “ Persons than he intended they should be.—
 “ But *this Man* was no sooner dead,” than *an-*
 “ *other Man* took Courage to inform the World
 “ that 1500 Copies of these Papers had been
 “ printed, and that this very *Man* had cor-
 “ rected the Press, and left them in the Hands
 “ of the Printer to be kept with great Secresy
 “ till further Orders. But the whole Edition
 “ came at last into the Hands of the Author,
 “ except some few Copies which this *Man* had
 “ carried away. The rest are all destroyed in

* The Words of a certain O——r.

“ one common Fire, except a Copy or two, by
 “ which it appears, that *this Man* guilty of
 “ this Breach of Trust; had also taken upon
 “ him (*insolent Presumption!*) to divide the
 “ Subject, and to alter and to omit Passages, ac-
 “ cording to the Suggestions of his own
 “ Fancy *.”

During this notable Charge, full of Elegance, Politeness, Generosity, *Truth*, and Good-Sense, Mr. *Pope* enjoyed his Soul in Quiet, imparadised in the Consciousness of his own Integrity, and he held those in the utmost Contempt, who could be narrow-minded enough to entertain so mean a Thought. I fancied I heard him saying to himself——“ What, my *St. J—n* false to me!—he, whose Character I have taken so much Pains to trumpet to the World!—is it thus my *Little Bark attendant sails?*—thus does it *pursue the Triumph?* Thus *partake the Gale?*”

Who but must laugh if such a Man there be,
 Who would not weep if *B——ke* were he?

He disdained to make any other Defence, and therefore Sentence was passed on him immediately by Mr. Justice *Pride*, who was provoked to the utmost Fury at the contemptuous Silence of the Prisoner, and ordered him away immediately to be delivered over to one of the Furies.

* See the Preface to *Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism*, &c. said to be wrote by a *Man* who would not have dared to attack Mr. *Pope*, if he was still living, and now he is dead, how mean is it in him to disturb his *Manes*, and how ill-judged of the noble Author of that beautiful Performance to make use of such an awkward Gentleman-Usher.

This

This was the Monster *Envy*, than which a greater Evil never issued from *Pandora's Box*. The Hag was old and withered, her Visage pale, grim, and wan, her Eyes livid and sunk in her Head, her Teeth long, black, and sharp to devour; her Tongue darted like a Viper, and at each Word dropped Venom. The Prosperity of any Body gives her a Fever on the Spirits, which is always preying upon her, and Pleasure she knows none, but when *patient Merit* falls under the *Whips and Scorns of Time*, and then the Fiend enjoys a full Satisfaction, the Malice of which corrodes like Pain. At our first Approach towards her, she was in a dismal Lake, where howled a Multitude of other Furies, tormenting the Great Mr. *Dryden*, and in the short Space I had to take notice, she transformed herself into various Shapes, such as Parsons, Physicians, Noblemen, Beaux, Critics, &c. &c. while he, Immortal Genius! sat perfectly at Ease writing a *Dedication*. The Moment our modern *Homer* appeared, she smiled a horrid Grin, to see the fixed Object of her Aversion given up to her Fury, and at once she flew at him in the Form of *————— with all her Snakes hissing, and spitting out Flashes of Fire. In the wildness of my Dream I imagined I saw a *Mallet* in her Hands uplifted to knock his Brains out, but all her Efforts were vain, and served only to manifest her own Impotence and her Adversaries superior Strength, on whom her Attacks had no more Effect, than the frothy breaking of

* The Reader is desired to supply this Blank with any Scribler he thinks proper, whether he be the Author of Prefaces, or any other Works of Defamation.

the Billows against some Rock that proudly eminent overlooks the Ocean. The *Fury* was the more enraged at this, and exerted all her Vigor, but at every Assault she still grew paler, her Powers declined, and she seemed to expire at every Blow;—*animamque in vulnere ponit*. A Kind of Phrensy seemed to possess her, and she run about like one perfectly frantic: Sometimes she would quit her Prey, and fall to biting herself with Desperation, then she would start up, and fly at the very Entrails of the Person in whom she resided. There she fixed her envenomed Tooth, and like the Vulture in *Virgil* at the Heart of the Giant *Tityus*, gnawed his Inwards.

———*Rostroque immanis Vultur obunca
Immortale Jecur tundens, fecundaque pennis
Vicera rimaturque Epulis, habitatque sub alto
Pectore, nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis.*

Unhappy is the Man, whom this Pest of human Nature once takes Possession of; it is worse than *Shakespear's Green-Eyed Monster*, Jealousy, which is sometimes found to be a Weed in the noblest Natures, but Envy is the unnatural Product of the most base, degenerate Spirits, and wherever it enters, not *Poppy nor Mandragora* can lull the Soul to Rest, but endless Perturbation, Pain, and Fretfulness must ensue.

A little further advanced in this dreadful Abyss of Torments, lay all those bright Personages, who have shone in the World with distinguished Lustre, stretched on the Wrack, and persecuted in the severest Manner. The glorious *Triumvirate*

rate of Q—n A—e's M—try were tortured for Dunces, Men of no Genius, Skill in Politics, or Love of their Country, and a filthy Form, somewhat like a *Billinggate* Oyster-wench, stood before them hissing, throwing Dirt, and calling Names, such as *Tories*, *Traitors*, *Ja—tes*, &c. &c. These Appellations were indiscriminately bestowed on most of the Sufferers—The glorious Doctor *Swift* was surrounded by a whole Posse of *Grubstreet Graduates*, and you might behold the *En—sh* and *I—sh* P—ts denouncing Vengeance on his Head, and holding forth a Purse of three hundred Pounds each to any one that would inform against him; the Dean, mean while sits laughing and shaking in “*Rablais's easy Chair*,” and seemed to say, “a *Genius seldom appears in the World but the Dunces are all in Confederacy against him*”—The Giant and his *Squire* discharged an huge Volley of Malice on our famous *British Tully*, but *Swift* bid him make no Answer to People whose *Dullness and Absurdities would not deserve one*, and therefore all he said was *Truseles, Truseles, Truseles* *—Upon seeing *Milton* in the extremest Agony, I was at a Loss to think what could be the Reason of his meeting such Treatment, “is it, said I, on Account of your Writings in Favour of *Cromwell*, and justifying the unnatural Murder of one of the best Kings the World ever saw.”—To which he replied in a serious Tone of Voice,—“It would be some Comfort to me, were it for that I am doomed to be confined here—I should then indeed deserve it, for to speak the Truth, when

* *Vide the Praises of Jack the Giant.*

I undertook that Work, "*the Devil really was my Hero*"—I should then say,

————Hail Horrors! hail
Infernal World, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor!

But would you think it, in Spite of Truth and Common Sense I am found guilty of *Felony**, a Thing I always detested, whatever my Thoughts might have been relating to *Rebellion*.—He had in his Hands the *Ikon Basilike*, which he seemed very much taken with, but as I was informed by Mr. F——g, that he was found upon a certain Occasion with a *Bundle of Linnen* lying by him, I thought proper to suspend my Judgment.—It would be tedious to enumerate all the exalted Genius's, that were here in Affliction, and therefore I shall pass them over in Silence.

A pestilent Congregation of Vapours eternally hovered over the Scene, and Spleen more frantic than *Pentheus* raving of old, was constantly starting at horrible Apparitions, *Chimæras*, *Gorgons*, *Hydras*, and every thing that ever entered into a crazy Brain—Here I saw Grief, Despair, Revenge, and all the agonizing Cares, that made this Region of Tortures worse than what the Poets fable of their *Tartarus*.—In one Part was to be seen *Ambition* climbing up a Hill to grasp at an Order for a Place, which a Courtier (wicked Tempter!) held out to him from the Top, but like the Stone of *Sisyphus*, he no sooner got near

* *Vide* a Pamphlet called *Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns*.

it, than down he rolled again precipitate to the Bottom—*Tantalus*, or Hunger, was catching at an elegant Supper which vain Hope had placed before his Eyes, but the worst of Fiends of, *cruel Want*! stands over him forbidding him to go near it.—*Fear*, with all the Horrors of a Jail before his Eyes, was running as if he had Wings to his Feet from the approaching Danger, and a fell Tormentor in the Shape of a Bailiff was in close Pursuit of him.—Here stood a Pillory with *Defamation* nailed down to it by the Ears,—there a Blanket stretched out, and a Bard just going to be tossed in it.—Here a tumultuous Play-house at the Damnation of a Virgin Muse; the sneering Beaux in the Boxes in bright circular Array display their elegant *false Teeth*,—the Pit rises enraged, the Gallery opens its *rude Throats*, and down comes a rattling Volley of Apples, Oranges and Half-pence; every Thing is in convulsion, and nothing to be heard but,—“*Throw him over,—throw him over—Won't y^e ha' some Orange-Chips,—Won't y^e ha' some Nonpareils,—Off the Stage—off, off the Stage.*”—till at length the dire Sound of Cat-calls whizzes thro' our Ears, and the poor Poet in the mean time is ready to expire at the Reception he meets with, and Pangs as bad as Hell torment him.

Had I all the Tongues of all the Scriblers of the Age, and all the Ladies and pretty Gentlemen, who shine at *Routs*, *Hurricanes* and *Drums*, it would tire them all to recount the various Scenes of Affliction I passed through, and besides I was now admonished by my Guide, that we were near the Palace of the Great *Mother Dullness*, Queen of

all this black Abode of Darknefs, Ignorance, and Mifery.

I know the Reader will conclude, without my Information, that by a certain Impulfe, and as it were Sympathy of Soul, I was led to enter this Royal Apartment, and, to confefs a Circumftance, which nothing but the ftrictest Veracity could have hindered me from fuppreffing, I really did attend the Levee of this powerful *Goddefs*.

She was feated, like the Lady in a Lobfter, in a very clofe Recess, withdrawing herfelf as much as poffible, as if afraid of the leaft Beam of Day. Her Throne feemed to be beat up in Mud, and her ufual Attendants, Impudence, Pertnefs, Positivenefs, Party-Rage, Self-opinionativeness, *Criticism* pronouncing upon Books without Underftanding, or even reading them, &c. &c. fluttered round her Head. They were all in the Shape of feveral Gentlemen whom I remember to have feen at the *Bedford, George's*, &c. whofe Names I chufe to conceal for Reafons beft known to myfelf. A Death-like Silence made every thing as ftill as the Grave, and the gloomy Prefence of the *cloud-compelling Queen* feemed to breath a deeper Horror all around. *Stupefaction* at every Glance grew callous, and deadened more and more as fhe looked at him. Her numbing Influence fpread itfelf through the whole Extent of her Dominions, and every Moment fhe encreafed the general Mifchief fhe had made. Juft as I was admitted to her Prefence, the *Goddefs* put out of her Hand a *Serio-comic Apology for fome Part of the Life of Cibber the younger*,

younger, with Orders to have it carefully preserved among her other favourite Works, and applied herself eagerly to read the last *Birtb-day Ode*, which gave her ineffable Satisfaction. *Glory* was delighted to see himself so well described in that picturesque Line, "*When Glory with a painful Eye,*" &c. and the Queen exclaimed in Raptures, when she came to that inimitable Passage, "*The Fruits by Nature's Will bequeathed*"—Joy to my Sons!—O, Joy beyond Expression!—for lo! Nature is dead, and here she has made *her Will*.—He is deservedly the *Hero* of our *Dunciad*!—still true and faithful to our Cause!—She could no more,—the leaden Power of Slumber weighed down her Eyelids, and with a Yawn, that laid every Thing at one Gape dead-asleep, she tumbled back in her Seat, and instantly fell a snoring, while more than *Cimmerian* Vapours enveloped her in their foggy Arms.

As when a Palsy seizing on the Powers of Man, stops his warm Blood in the Career of Life, nor longer obedient to the Impulse of the informing Will, each animal Motion forgets its Function, and motionless he stands, an inanimate Trunk! Even so devoid of Sense and struck half-dead by the contagious Influence of the Scene before me, I was nailed down for a Time in a stupid inactive Lethargy, till at length, like one who walks forth between Sleeping and Waking I groped my Way out of this *Trophonius's Cave*. I no sooner got clear of it, than I thought my Spirits began to circulate somewhat freer, and I felt as if waked to new Life. *Vanity* himself, though ever a brisk Coxcomb, was a little affected with what we had seen, but the further we

proceeded from this Abode of Horror, Dark-
ness, and *uncreating Night*, we by Degrees re-
turned to ourselves; our Faculties revived to
their pristine State, and in a short Time we per-
ceived at a small Distance a Prospect quite dif-
ferent from all we had hitherto gone through.
By the Contrast it bore to every Thing about us,
it really had an Air of Cheerfulness, and I imme-
diately guessed it to be *Elysium*, or the Seat of
Happiness, which my Fellow-Traveller con-
firmed to me. There was an Ascent in our Way,
which not being very steep, we soon conquered
it, and now the whole Scene lay before us in full
View,

I was very much disappointed in the Expec-
tations I had vainly formed at the Bottom of the
Hill; for, O!—what an *Elysium* was here?—
For a true one you must have recourse to a *Plato*,
to a *Tully*, to a *Virgil*, to an *Addison*, to a *Pope*,
to a *Chesterfield*, to a well-disposed Spirit, like
Doctor *King*, that Ornament of *Oxford*, and
Honour of the *British* Nation. In such Men as
these, that virtuous, cheerful Serenity of Tem-
per, which *Longinus* by looking into his own
Breast found to be inseparable from a sublime and
lofty Genius, diffuses a perpetual Fountain of
Happiness through their Souls; it is like the
Light in which the Author of *Telemachus* places
the lovely Train of upright Kings, it constantly
surrounds them and is constantly streaming from
them; their Minds are always balanced, their
Passions move in perfect Harmony, and all
within is Pleasure, Happiness, and perpetual
Sunshine.

But

But here far otherwise every Thing appeared. A dim, visionary Light glimmered through the Scene, and spread a Kind of *Darkness visible* all round, and that too not permanent and uniform, but like an *April Day*, subject to various Changes, now brightning up a little, and then overcast in Clouds, or rather, like an *Aurora Borealis*, which in some dismal gloomy Night, streaks the black Hemisphere with a wild, malignant Lustre, and then dies away. Every Thing else in these happy Regions was of the same inconstant, fluctuating Quality. Sometimes loud Fits of Laughter gave Sign of the most transporting Joy, but being vain, transitory, and not grounded on a rational virtuous Foundation, it soon decayed away into a lifeless State of Indolence, and very often into Melancholy. The Spirits in their Channels frequently and without any visible Reason would frolick, and excite the most extravagant Sensations, while all the airy Beings round danced about in the whimsicallest Manner imaginable.— Here was a Person resembling the Idea one naturally forms of a *Comus*, with all his frantic Rout, Mirth and Jollity in his Train, Drunkenness, Debauchery, and Lewdness.—A wild Group of Bacchanals ran up and down, quite distracted, singing merry Catches full of Obscenity and Madness. *Euphrosine*, not that amiable fair, with winning Graces and attractive Smiles, that charms the refined Spirit with calm heart-felt Pleasure, but that insidious Deceiver, dressed in false gaudy Colours, that appeared to *Hercules* of old, cheated the Bard with the Mockery of Happiness.—Here I saw vain mistaken Hope amusing himself with deluding Dreams of Happiness, immortal Fame, large Subscriptions, full Houses on the third, sixth, and

and ninth Days of a new Play, and expecting Court-Favour and Preferment, as a Recompence for having done all their dirty Work. Overweening *Imagination* was also in these Parts, roving about in fancy'd Gardens of his own Creation, forming vain Systems of Philosophy, new Schemes of Religion, and running out into all the Extravagances his dull Heat could suggest to him, "*Seas of Milk and Ships of Amber.*"

Others with *vast Typhoean Rage* more fell placed all their Joy in the Misery of others, and enjoyed the wicked Pleasure of ruining their Characters, blackening their Reputations, and detracting from their Credit justly acquired by their immortal Writings.—Critics were here in abundance, indulging their Taste and Genius by searching after Faults, and making imaginary ones where their real Existence cannot be found, by catching at every Tale of Malevolence, and spreading it about with all their Industry. Among these were the most celebrated modern Authors, who had all stood their Trial before *Rhadamanthus*, and, out of his cordial Esteem, were sent with the greatest Dispatch to be made happy in these blissful Seats. The same Studies, the same Pursuits, and the same Inclinations that influenced their Actions, and directed their Writings, still attends them in these Mansions; the same Ill-nature, the same Immorality, and Love of Dirt was visible in them.—I numbered over all the Heroes in the *Dunciad*, who were here at the very same Work assigned them in that noble Poem, all dabbling in a Puddle of Filth, and dealing it about them in Handfuls. Some in resounding Strain sung to the listening Throng
the

the Councils of Gods, and the Deeds of Heroes. *Blackmore* gave the most sublime Delight with his lofty Poems, but every now and then stopped short to abuse the *Beggars Opera* and the *Tale of a Tub*.—*Durfy* in another Part distributed his *Pills to purge Melancholy*, and streight that Kind of Joy which is excellently called *Innocent of Thought* filled the whole Scene.—*Tom Brown*, of facetious Memory, was also the Occasion of infinite Merriment.—Beneath the Shade of a Laurel-Tree sat C—y C—r, crowned with a Sprig from one of the Branches. He was looking over the celebrated Mr. H—d—ger and the famous Mr. H—le, who were both earnestly engaged at a Game of Cards, and his Son assured the By-standers that he was an excellent Dramatic Poet, and had added great Honour to the Stage both in his Capacity of Writer and Actor; to which the Bard drawled out, “The Child says true *.”

As I proceeded on my Way, I perceived the famous T—r B—am dealing out his paltry Works, and a scurrilous Critic cheek-by-jowl in close Conference with him. He was constantly crying out Vah!—Vah! and throwing Filth and Dirt at a rate which would make a Scavenger ashamed. This same Gentleman (if I may use the Expression) had by him several Pieces of Stupidity, which he took great Delight in, but was chiefly pleased with his quaint Remark on *quum* and *quamvis* †, which shews his excellent Talent

* *Vide Mr. Addison's Whig Examiner.*

† It is beneath our famous Orator to take notice of this Critic's Remarks, but that the World may see his lamentable Stupidity, let this be a Specimen. Doctor K—g says, that tho'

at understanding the Context of a Passage, and the Propriety of the *Latin* Tongue.—Besides these choice Spirits, renowned for their Genius, there was likewise in these Regions a Multitude of Politicians ; M—rs who have arrogantly obtruded themselves into the Ad——tion of Affairs, who have been prodigal of the public Money, and expended large Quantities of it in rewarding Scribblers and Hackney-Writers, in Support of their ill-gotten Power :—Heroes, who have gone headlong to Battle, without any rational Probability of Success, in order to shew their Courage by a noble Disregard of their Countrymens Blood, or by chance being Victors, have cruelly delighted in butchering their Fellow-Creatures. The venal Tribe who have sold their Consciences and their Country for a little yellow Dirt ; and to crown all the whole Crew of *detestable* Informers ; “ his *dantem Jura Catonem*,” the famous *Philelutherus Londinensis*, or rather *Cantabrigiensis* dispensing wholesome Advice to them, and animating them to persevere in their glorious Work, by assuring them, that in all Ages they and all their Gang have been *cherished and esteemed a-*

tho’ Mr. T—r B—am may not be deserving of a genteeler Satir than what he had already conferred upon him, he is nevertheless determined for the future to animadvert upon him in a more serious Manner. This is expressed in the most elegant *Latin*, “ *diligentius posthac & severiore fronte & verissimè, in hunc talem Virum, quamvis urbanie Satirâ fortasse vix sit dignus, mihi animadvertere deliberatum est.*” Now that *quam* should be the Word instead of *quamvis*, is a Remark which nothing but this Pedant’s Dullness would suggest, and after this I submit it to the Reader what Opinion to form of him.

mong the Guardians of the Constitution *, and that for that Reason he only wanted a good Opportunity to do the same himself.

Vanity addressed the Throng, and enquired in what Part of this blissful Retreat *Invention* might be at that Juncture, and which Way we should direct our Course to that happy Person. To which we were answered, that this volatile Gentleman is always rambling about, sometimes ranging the Planetary System, and traversing on Eagle-Wings the whole Creation to find Materials for his Purpose; at other Times taking from his own Fund, and forming new Beings out of his own Brain.—“ However, added they, betake yourselves to yon Valley, and you may possibly meet with him.”—We hastened towards it with all possible Expedition, and, being arrived, saw the Bard at some Distance observing in Raptures all his Race, and taking Cognizance of them as they passed in Order before him.

He called to my Mind the excellent Mr. *Garrick*, when bidding adieu to his natural Look, he assumes the Air of a vain, empty, self-pleasing Coxcomb in the Character of *Bayes*; but upon a nearer Approach I could not help thinking the Resemblance stronger between him and the celebrated Mr. *F—t*, especially when I

* Doctor *King* calls Informers *Detestabiles*; and *Swift*, who was the Guardian of his Country, files them, “ the most accursed, prostitute, and abandoned Race that God ever permitted to plague Mankind;” but in a late Pamphlet we learn, that they have been always cherished and esteemed, which perhaps may be true of C——ge, but is false with respect to any other Part of the known World.

heard him cry out, "*What a Burst there will be when I exhibit—I shall be the Transcendant.*"—His Enthusiasm was so warm and violent, that he did not perceive us till *Vanity*, who seemed to sympathize with him in his Glee, pulled him by the Sleeve—After the usual Compliments had passed between them, I was introduced, and received with the utmost Complaisance. "Sir, says he, I am sorry to be taken thus unawares—had I known your kind Visit was intended,—I should have been better prepared for the Reception of a Gentleman for whom I have the greatest, the most profound, most sincere Regard in Nature—Sweet Sir, your most obedient humble Servant—You see, Sir, *quam elegans elegantiarum Spectator sim* *, I am here like a Bee gathering Honey in a Hive, *Apes inter mellificantes Apis**, and you observe, Sir, here are all my Progeny around me. I looked, and saw them together in a Cluster, fluttering in a variegated Dress, and pressing and crowding upon one another as if to force a Passage out of the Confines of Elysium. I stood for a Time wondering at this mighty Bustle, and then enquired what might be the Cause of it. To which the Bard—"that bright Band which you behold so eagerly gathering about the Gates of Life, are those happy Beings to whom *Apollo* and the *Muses* have appointed a new Birth into the World, and they are now impatiently waiting till proper Bodies are prepared for them by those *Poetical Midwives*, commonly called *Booksellers*. I am always very much delighted to have an Opportunity of shewing my Offspring to People of Taste,

* *Burton* of himself.

and

and therefore if you will but step this Way with me, I will make you thoroughly acquainted with them all.

Is it then possible, said I, quite surpris'd at what he told me, that any of this sickly Race, who do not seem to have the proper *Stamina* to endure all the various Troubles and Vicissitudes of the World, should have the Ambition, the miserable Ambition of appearing in the Face of Day, and being tossed and agitated in that dreadful Conflict, to be perhaps put to a *sudden and unprovided Death* by the butchering Tribe of Critics, or if they escape their fell Rage, to die, may be, of themselves, and be buried in the loathsome Bottom of a *Jakes*, or be doomed to the Slavery of serving up Christmas-Pies for the Pastry-Cooks; or, what is still worse, to be shiped off with the first Detachment of Pick-pockets and Felons to his Majesty's Plantations in *America*, never more to be heard or seen!—The Poet took me up short—That, Sir, may be the Case with Scriblers of inferior Rank, but with regard to us of greater Refinement, there can be no Danger of any such Thing, and that I may totally efface those Notions you seem to entertain, I will clear up this Mystery to you in more particular Manner.

You must know then, it was first the vivifying Energy of Nature, a *certain plastic Spirit* that reduced to Order the wild Confusion of Chaos, and struck out this harmonious Frame of Things, which has hitherto subsisted by the same Influence continued to us, and breathed into every Part of the vast Creation. Hence the

several Traces of Thinking in the animal System, and the more sublime Modes of Reason, Judgment, Imagination, and every elegant Faculty in the human Species, who seem to be placed in a Kind of Medium between Angels and Brutes, their intellectual Part, according as it gains the Ascendancy, carrying them still nearer to the Perfection of those heavenly Beings, and the terrestrial Allay in their Composition, in Proportion to its Prevalence, depressing them to a Level with the Beasts of the Field. So that tho' we all partake in general of this *divinae particulam auræ, this ætherial Spirit*, yet not alike in its Operation in every mortal Breast. In most, as the Poet has it,

————— *Noxia corpora tardant,
Terrenique habitant artus, moribundaque mem-
bra.*

Virg.

It is entirely suppressed by evil Habits and gross bodily Sensations: contending Passions, such as Fear and Hope, Grief and Joy, with all their complex Appearances, distract the Mind, and blunt its noble Faculties. Now, Sir, when this Perversion of our Nature once takes Place, and the Dignity of the Soul is thus annihilated, the Man lies groveling in a low abject State, he is sunk and is daily sinking into an Abyss of Misery, and like the *Amica lata Sus*, of *Horace*, he is wallowing in *Mire and Filth*, never looks up to his native Skies, nor can any thing be expected from him worthy *Phæbus* and the *Muses*. But with us of a *Muse-like* Genius, who cher-
rish

rish and cultivate an Elegance of Taste, who delight more in mental Enjoyments, than the Pleasures of Sense, the Scene is far different. We exhaust our Bodies in the Labours of the Mind, our Muse has Charms for us above all other worldly Gratifications; with her we are satisfied, our Joy in Prosperity, our Comfort in Affliction, our Fellow-traveller on the Road, and our Companion in the Round-house, the Compter, and the Fleet. Let what will attack us, we can still derive from this Turn of Thought, a perpetual Source of Consolation, The Poet has imaged this very justly,

*Behold his Pleasure while he works the Mine,
Behold his Rapture when he sees it shine.*

Do but survey yon Chaos of Matter without Form, without Shape, horrid, wild, and waste, all in Confusion and Uproar; do you imagine, were it not for this Excitement of Pleasure, that I could prevail on myself to plunge in there, to labour in search of Sense through that dreadful Conflict of Things, to fall down often many and many a Fathom deep, and to be perhaps for ever falling, * if *Apollo* did not propitiously save me in those critical Moments, and enable me to mount aloft again with new Elasticity, I say, do you imagine I could undertake such a perilous Voyage, without some Principle of Happiness to quicken me in the arduous Task?—Can you believe, unless it was the Taste of my Soul, that I

* In Allusion to *Satan's* Fall, in the Second Book of *Paradise Lost*.

could

could take so much Pains to assemble those Personages you see there, in that regular Order and elegant Attire? — These Gentlemen were all in the Beginning wafted over by the Boatman *Perception*, who was also your Ferryman, and were thence conveyed to the *Repository of Ideas*, there to remain for a long Time, sometimes whole Ages, in the Care of *Memory*, till in the various Course of human Contingencies they are called out one by one, and often in whole Drovers to stand their Trial in the Court of *Rhadamanthus*, and are thence either committed to be tortured in *Tartarus*, or under my Government to enjoy the Beauties of Elysium, and taste the sweet Refreshment of a milder Air. Here they wander about in Laurel Groves and flowery Meads, or wanton along the Banks of streaming Rivulets, happy themselves, and diffusing Happiness around them, till at length by my Skill and Management, they are arranged in proper Order, for their Appearance among the Sons of Men.

But come, continued *Invention*, it's now Time you should have a View of all my Race; therefore let us take Advantage of yon rising Ground, that we may more distinctly survey them, as they pass in Procession before us.

There, mark well that exotick Pair; how foreign, how domestick is their Mein! what an Air of Natives of *Eton*, and at the same Time, how like the ancient, or rather the modern *Greeks*! — These, these are they, that to shew our Learning, are soon to make a pompous Appearance. — Observe the Youth,

Youth, who places himself in the foremost Station; *Epistola Peregrinantis*, or a Voyage to *Calais*! how full of attick Wit, Elegance, and Humour? — See next to him another to the Editor of *Plato*! — Embrace, embrace my Children; thus may you ever in that grave Disguise conceal your Dullness, Stupidity, and Ignorance from the Eyes of common Sense, and if Learning commence your Foe, bespatter them with foul Language and Abuse, so shall you rank among the *Ben—ys*, so shall your Name shine forth upon the rubrick Port of some future *Curl*, and thus perhaps your Father may become a great Man, such as Poet Laureate, or a Bishop. — That next in Succession is *Epistola rusticantis*, or a Letter from *Bath*; if not a Work of *Learning*, at least an *Epistle of Letters*. — Behold there an *Elogium* subservient to the Fame of a Friend; but the chief Aim of it is to twine a Wreath of Laurel around our own Brow. — For Elegance of Thought, Beauty of Expression, and Harmony of Numbers it challenges the most renowned of them all. — Those whom you perceive with the Air of Captives, are the conquered Authors of *Greece* and *Rome*, in Procession to grace our Triumph. — There each celebrated Genius, brings the Muses and the Graces to *Albion's* Cliffs. — Observe how they appear in an *English* Dress. — There is Translation for you. — Now *Cæsar* relates his Commentaries in the *British* Dialect, and recounts the Reception our Ancestors gave him in the Language of her Sons. — *Cicero* wonders at himself in the sublime Versions of his Works, and smiles to see how artfully

artfully they are culled to brighten and adorn that excellent History of his Life, which, I am confident, abundantly gratifies the noble Thirst of Fame, that always actuated him. — The Stock too is now become our own, — For in that Work which I intend to publish under the Title of *E—b—d's* or *C——k's Terence*, you will find the *Roman* laughs with a much better Grace, and that his Humour is infinitely heightened. — But the Affair does not rest here; not only ancient, but modern *Italy*, her Tribute brings to encrease our Reputation. — *France* too joins in the glorious Work, and though she disdains to submit in the Field, yet you see she sends Hostages to the Republick of Letters. — I propose to print by Subscription those twenty Volumes before you neatly bound and gilt; they will make the finest Romance the World ever saw: Don't talk to me of your *Quixotes* and your *Foundlings*, this will be the Delight of all your Gentlemen and Ladies. — Madam, says Beau *Flutter*, a'n't it extremely pretty? — The Scenes and the Descriptions are so *unnatural*, I am quite delighted with them.

But now fix your Eye attentively to observe the genuine Product of your native Country, conceived and engendered in this our Head. — A Pastoral Poem stands just ready to issue into vital Air. — To this succeeds a Train of the most poignant *Epigrams*, and tender *Epistles* to *Pbillis*, that ever yet were read. *Martial* is nothing to the former, nor *Ovid* to the latter. *These* will come out in that useful Work, the *Magazine*,

Magazine, with several other minute Pieces, such as Elegies, Odes, Epitaphs, &c. &c.

Now for a Time take we leave of the Muses, and turn our Thoughts to Politicks. — Lo! *Hercules Vinegar* in Giant Majesty appears. — Not the fabled *Hercules* of old was a greater Champion,

*Tho' the brazen-footed Hind he slew,
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming Boar;
And dipp'd his Arrows in Lærnean Gore.*

DRY. VIRG.

This, this is he, born to combat every Vice in *Britain's* Soil, to extirpate all Enormities, to brandish the Pen in the Cause of Liberty, and pull down the Insolence of tyrannic Ministers. Near him is placed the renowned *Trotplaid*, Restorer of true Wit, Humour, and Ridicule, which are all to be discharged on the Favourers of a Cause, by which, since a late Defeat it met with, I do not expect any Promotion. — These two, though they now are in perfect Harmony, when they come to be seen by the Eyes of Men, will occasion great Diversity of Sentiments, and will be thought vehement Opposers of each other; but between you and I, “*tis the same Rope at different Ends they twist.*” Money is the Aim of both, the grand Principle which inspired me, and still continues to inspire me. — Hence arises that ingenious Piece, you perceive in the next Station — it is called, *A true State of the Case of Bosavern Penlez, who suffered for the late Riot in the Strand.* — Observe, Sir, how contrary to all my other Writings — *Pasquin* is now out of Date, and this Performance, by way of Attonement for all my past Conduct, makes a

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Sacri-

Sacrifice at one Stroke of my Pen, of all right Reasoning, Truth, and Lenity. A Vindication of *my King* is what it sets out with, and it boasts pompously of the *Milk of human Kindness*; but mark how artfully I afterwards turn *Executioner*, and, after all the Ceremonies which are usual to *Jack Ketch* upon such Occasions, dig open his Grave, scatter *Infamy* among his Manes, and hang his Body up in political Gibbets!

*Infelix! utcumque ferent ea facta minores,
Vincet amor Pelhami, nummique immensa Cu-
pido.* Virg.

Hark! what Sound is this invades my Ears? "*An me ludit amabilis insania?*" It must be the very Error of my Senses or these are my favourite Cats—Yes, these, these are they, who are shortly to wear the Sock or Buskin, I don't well know which myself, and are to entertain a numerous and polite Audience with an elegant Concert of Catterwawling*, and to frisk about the Stage in all the whimsical Vagaries common to that sensible Animal.—The Design carries with it a new Stroke of Satyr, which, among those intelligent Few, who are in the Secret, will not a little *elevate and surprise*, though to the Multitude the Humour of it may appear somewhat *outré*.—He, whom you see yonder, so full of buoyant Spirit, so gay and so alert, is a famous *Auctioneer*—He will shortly set up to Sale a Collection of the choicest Pictures that ever yet were seen, all taken from real Life, and for Humour, Taste, and Delicacy of Colouring surpassing any Thing hitherto bestowed on the World, by the Manners-painting Pencil of the ingenious

* Cats were brought on the Stage by Mr. F——t.

Hogarth.

Hogarth. But perhaps you prefer a Dish of *Chocolate*,—here is some of the richest that ever was tipst with Tongue—I have abundance of it in Store, and intend soon to regale the Town with it.—That there polite, well-bred Spark, whom you see bowing to the very Ground with that graceful, submissive Air, is a *Dedication* to a great Man, which is to be prefixed to my first Work.—I a'n't as yet determined as to the Application of it, but it will do for any Body you know—*Lord Umbra* or *Sir Billy*, it's all one for that.—Here, here is the History of my own Life for you, or rather an *Apology* for it, with an *Invective* on that of others—it will sell well, for the Town loves Scandal dearly, and upon that Consideration I have been at infinite Pains to collect and invent those numberless Volumes of *Secret History*, containing Memoirs of the Characters, private Transactions, Intrigues, and Affairs of Gallantry of about three hundred Gentlemen and Ladies in high Life, together with all the scandalous Aspersions, and malicious Stories, which we could contrive to pick up with our utmost Industry.—But not being able to confine our Free-born Spirit to the scanty Limits of *Great-Britain*, we rove and expatiate abroad for Materials to work with—We travel for Knowledge and make the Tour of *Europe*, I mean in *Fancy*, for indeed we seldom can command the requisite *Viatica*, to enable us to remove from Place to Place; but what of that?—“*Cælum non animum mutant quæ trans mare currunt.*” We can take a Trip to *Calais*, without ever leaving *England*, and edify the World with various Accounts of the Occurrences we met with.—Of this Stamp is that excellent Set of *Voyages* and

Travels, containing greater Variety of surprising Incidents both by Sea and Land, than ever yet entered into Man's Imagination.—Next to this you see, *An Account* of all the *Courts* in *Europe*, their Views, their Politics, and the Characters of all their leading Men, by a *Person who spent twenty Years abroad*;—here is an admirable Work, written in the politest Stile and most elegant *English*, abounding with Truth, Humour, and Pleasantry—it is a *Trip to the Jubilee*; let me recommend it to your Perusal, it is, I assure you, a choice Spoonful of *Maccaroni*.—If you are fond of abstract Speculations, you may gratify your Taste in the most delicate Manner with those *Metaphysical* Tracts that lie yonder, such as *Man a Machine*, &c. Those shining Personages whom you see at some Distance, with that brilliant Air of Courtiers, are a Set of Discourses on the most Select Subjects, addressed to the *Royal Family* *. The first in View is on *University Learning*, to his Majesty. The next is on the *Belles Lettres*, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.—Pray mark the Propriety with which this and all of them are adapted.—Here is one on *Languages*,—who do you think to?—to the Duke; pray, observe the Propriety.—On *Wit and Imagination* appears next,—inscribed to the Princess *Amelia*. Pray, mind the Propriety.—The *Art of moving the Passions*,—to the Princess *Carolina*,—that's a charming Piece, and this on *Musick* is inimitable, addressed to the Princess *Mary*.—But my *chef d'oeuvre* is on *Dancing*, a Thing I am very fond of,—to the Princess *Louisa*.—All these Discourses are handled in a

* These Discourses *H—y* tells us were written by himself some Years ago, but I believe are not to be found in any Place at present, except our Poet's Head.

very

very nice Manner, but here is a Performance of a loftier Nature. Lo! a Tragedy of the famous *Shakespeare* altered and reduced to a better Form to please the Genius of the Times! it has a curious Motto prefixed to it—

— *Quantum mutatus ab illo*
Hectore qui redit Exuvias indutus Achillis!

Virg.

This Play, I expect will have a great Run, but if you would see one that will fill *Pit, Box, and Gallery*, cast your Eye on the *Black Prince, attempted in the Manner of Shakespeare*. I call it *attempted*, out of Modesty, but the World must allow it is something more than an *Attempt*.—Here *Admiration* stopped his Tongue, and he paused for a Time.—As I fixed my Eye on the Object of his Attention, I perceived another noble Imitation of that Great Author, of equal Size and Dignity with the former, but his Looks somewhat pensive and downcast.—I asked his Name, and the Occasion of his Melancholy.—“Enquire no more, replied the Bard, enquire no more into the Disasters that I foresee must involve that favourite Son.—This Youth, the transitory Phantom of an Hour! shall just make his Appearance on the Stage, and then be damned. The Gods had raised our Fame to too high a Pitch, were all our Undertakings to meet Success.—What Groans shall fill the Theatre, what Heaps of Pippins bestrew the Stage, what dismal Hisses shall rise from the Pit, what Cat-calls stun our Ears, when first he stands his Trial?—No Offspring of my Brain ever gave me greater Hopes of Reputation, nor greater Cause to grieve!—Mirror of the human Mind, and all
its

its Passions!—No Critic can find any just Cause of Exception of thee.—Ah! could you but surmount your severe Destiny, you should be *Perkin Warbeck, or the Popish Impostor*—Bring, bring full Pots of drowfy Mum, mixed with the qualifying Juice of powerful Gin; let me (if my Credit be good enough) drown all Sense of this dire Mishap in one capacious Draught, while this—and thus—I shed the unavailing Tribute of a Parent's Tears.”—Thus having said, he led me round the Extent of *Elysium*, gave me a compleat View of all his Works, and shewed me almost all the Pamphlets that are now in the Press, or that are to be in it these nine Months.

There is in the *Pericranium* of a modern Poet, a certain Part which I do not remember to have been mentioned by any of our Anatomists; it is called the *Saturnian* or *Leaden Gate*, and is the very Place through which Mr. M—t has assured me, *Apollo* came out of *Pope's* Head in order to enter into his own; but as Mr. *Pope* had nothing of the *Saturnine* in him, I am apt to doubt the Veracity of that Story. However, that our Poet had such a Passage in his Skull, the Reader may rest satisfied, and Hither *Invention* at last directed his Course. After a great deal of Ceremony mutually exchanged between us, he at length dismissed me to breath the vital Air, which I was in Raptures to find myself restored to, after all I had gone through, and the Joy occasioned by this Reflection operated so strongly on my Spirits, that I here felt myself in a Kind of Agitation, and so was hindred from pursuing my Dream any further.

And now, Reader, that I am awake, which after so long a Sleep, you will hardly think possible,

fible, give me leave to address a few Words to you.—To shew my Sprightliness I chuse to begin with a Simile.—Have you not in your Lifetime been under the Misfortune of walking the *Mall* with a stupid, humdrum Fellow, who has done nothing all the Time but Whistle, count the Trees, and take Snuff : and have you not observed that after walking *in your Sleep* for two or three Hours with this *Squire Booby*, he has always been very importunate with you to take *some other Turn*?—Even so, I insist upon your reading one Page more.—I have given you a faithful Narrative of my mid-night Frolicks, without adding or suppressing the minutest Circumstance, which, you must allow, was in my Power to do, and, I believe, would have contributed a good deal to render these Memoirs more perfect. I might, for Instance, have passed over in Silence all those Passages which you will perceive, have no Kind of Beauty, and supplied their Place with something more susceptible of the Embellishments of Imagination ; I might have been more curious in touching and finishing such Parts (few I am afraid there are of them) which seem to merit some degree of Attention, and, in short, I might have so altered the whole as to have made its Faults in some Sort more excusable ; but I disdained such dishonest Arts, and, in Imitation of these excellent Authors of *Don Quixote*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and the *Histories of England*, I chose to make Truth my invariable Guide, to which I had rather die a Martyr, than be canonized *for a Muse after my Decease*. Upon the whole, I declare myself ready to make Affidavit before the worshipful Mr. F——g, that there is not one single Circumstance throughout
this

this little Pamphlet, which did not really and *bonâ fide* occur to me in a Dream, and as I profess myself entirely at a Loss to know the Meaning of several Parts of it, I should be extremely obliged to any ingenious Gentleman, that will be kind enough to favour the Town with an Explanation of it. If Doctor *M—dd—n* should imagine I am advancing a *Miracle*, I hope I shall be able to convince him of the contrary, as soon as he shall think proper to acquaint the learned World with his Objections; and if the Gentlemen of the Royal Society (of which I have the Honour to be an unworthy Member) should be pleased to favour me with their Sentiments in their *Philosophical Transactions*, I shall hold myself as highly obliged to that worthy Body, as when they conferred upon me the *Dignity of F. R. S.* But, to conclude, I am afraid few will think it worth while to bestow their Time upon it, and I am apprehensive the greatest Part of my Readers will, instead of gratifying this Request, cry out to me in the Words of *Macbeth*, “*Sleep no more,*” you have “*with wicked Dreams abused the curtained Sleep.*” If this should be the Opinion of the candid and impartial Judges, I submit with Pleasure and kiss the Rod; and if it will gratify in any Shape the Ill-nature of the grinning, sneering Tribe of Critics, to say that the whole is a *Journey through the Author’s own Head*, they are perfectly welcome to make the Remark; the Truth of it is, had not *his Head* been so *bad*, this Detail of his Travels would have been much better.